WHEN A MAN MARRIES

The Novel from Which the Play "Seven Days" Was Made.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten." Copyright, 1909, The Bobbs-Merrill Company,

CHAPTER XV.

Suspicion and Discord,

Every one was nasty the next morning. Aunt Selina declared that her feet were frostbitten and kept Bella rubbing them with ice water all morning. And shead of me. At the top of the stairs Jim was impossible. He refused to speak she turned around suddenly to me. them with ice water all morning. And to any of us and he watched Bella furtively, as if he suspected her of trying to get him out of the house.

When luncheon time came around and he had shown no indication of going to the telephone and ordering it, we had a conclave, and Max was chosen to renind so him of the hour. Jim was shut in the studio, and we waited together in the hall while Max went up. When he came

down he was somewhat ruffled. "He wouldr't open the door," he remeal time, he said he wasn't hungry perious eyes.

So I stayed. Jim didn't want me, and ner; he hadn't proposed to adopt us." So we finally ordered luncheon our- the barrel in use.

selves, and about 2 o'clock Jim came

The excitement of the escape over, Mr. Harbison and I remained on terms of came an autocrat on the roof.

armed neutrality. And Max still hunted "Once more," he would say. "Pick up for Anne's pearls, using them, the men declared, as a good excuse to avoid tinkering with the furnace or repairing the dumbwaiter, which took the queerest notions, and stopped once, half-way up from the kitchen, for an hour with the dinner on it. Anyhow, Max was searching the house systematically, armed with a copy of Poe's "Purloined Letter" and Gaboriau's "Monsieur Leog." He went through the seats of the chairs with hatpins, tore up the beds, and lifted rugs, until the house was in a state of confusion. And the next day, the fourth, he found something - not much, but it was curious. He had been in the studio, poking around behind the dusty pictures, with Jimmy expostulating every time he moved anything, and the rest standing around watching them.

Max was strutting.
"We get it by elimination," he said importantly. "The pearls being nowhere else in the house, they must be here in the studio. Three parts of the studio having yielded nothing, they must be in the fourth. Ladies and gentlemen, let me have your attention for one moment. I tap this canvas with my wand—there is nothing up my sleeve. Then I prepare to move the canvas—so. And I put my hand in the pocket of this disreputable ccat-so. Behold!"

Then he gave a low exclamation and looked at something he held in his hand. Jimmy was apoplectic. He tried to

smile, but no one else did. Well, I'll be flabbergasted!" he said. "I say, you people, you don't think for

"I say, you people, you don't think for a minute I put that thing there? Why, I haven't worn that coat for a month. It's—it's a trick of yours, Max."

But Max shook his head. He looked stupefied, and stood gazing from the clasp to the pocket of the old painting-coat. Betty dropped on a folding stool, that promptly collapsed with her and created a welcome diversion, while Anne pounced on the clasp greedly, with a war no sound says of feet running rapid.

"Do you know, Flannigan," he remarked, as he fastened them, "I'm thinking of wearing these all the time. They hide my character."

Flannigan looked the door of my room did I venture to look at something that I carried in the palm of my hand. It was a watch, not running—a gentleman's flat gold watch, and it had been hanging by its fob to a nall in the bricks beside the aperture.

In the back of the watch were the initials T. H. H. and the picture of a girl, cut from a newspaper.

peckets, Max?"

Then, for the first time, I was conscious of an air of constraint among the men. Dallas was whistling softly, and Mr. Harbison, having rescued Betty, was standing silent and aloof, watching the scene with noncommittal eyes. It was Max who spoke first, after a hurried inventory of the other pockets.

"Nothing else." he said constrainedly.

"Nothing else." he said constrainedly. ventory of the other pockets.

"They're all here," he observed a minute. "I thought I missed one."

the rest of the canvases." But Jim interfered, to every one's sur- down," Flannigan said dryly, "I wouldn't if I were you, Max. There's nothing back there. I had 'em out yes-terday." He was quite pale.

a practical joke, Jim, why don't you 'fess and carried in a small glass lamp. With up? Anne has worried enough." 'The pearls are not there, I tell you," he pearls are not there, I tell you," effecting a combination, no new one, to began. Although the studio was judge by his facility. Then he called

cold, there were little fine beads of moistorid, there were little line can be seen to move those pictures." And then Aunt Selina came to the rescue. She stalked his shoulders. over and stood with her back against the stack of canvases. 'As far as I can understand this," she

"As far as I can understand this, she declaimed, "you gentlemen are trying to intimate that James knows something of that young woman's jewelry, because you found part of it in his pocket. Certainly you will not move the pictures. How do you know that the young gentlement of the found it there didn't was not have because I'm mad about it.

"Exactly so," he said. "How do we

know that Max didn't have the clasp up suikily. them all sorts of chorus girl photographs

him to his mystery. Anne drank her tea in a preoccupied silence, with half-closed eyes, an attitude that boded ill to some-body. The rest were feverishly gay, and Aunt Selina, with a pair of arctics on her feet and hot-water bottle at her back, sat the began to laugh, one of her hysterical gigfeet and hot-water bottle at her back, say in the middle of the tent and told me familiar anecdotes of Jimmy's early again. As Jim and I stared at each other we could hear her gurgling down familiar anecdotes of Jimmy's carry again, youth (had he known, he would have slain her). Betty and Mr. Harbison had slain her). Betty and Mr. Harbison had the hall below.

She had violent hysterics for an hour, which had been rubbing her forhead and Anni rubbing her forhead and Rubbing her

time Jim had swallowed an open safety pin, and just as the pin had been coughed or taken out of his nose-I forget ily demanded the privacy of the roof for for

Yes, he was training. Flannigan claim-the furnace. It was Dal's day at the furnace; Flaned to know the system that had reduced the President to what he is, and he and nigan had been relieved of that part of Jim had a seance every day which left the work after twice setting fire to a chimney. ing. He claimed to be losing flesh; he said he could actually feel it going, and he and Flannigan had spent an entire afternoon in the cellar three days before with a potato barrel, a cane-seated chair, and a lamb.

The whole thing had been shrouded in something had happened. While Aunt of the barrel and took out all the nails, who said she had always been tremenand when they had finished they carried dously interested in the subject, and if it to the roof and put it in a corner behind the tent. Everybody was curious, allowed to vote?-I slipped back to the bit Flannigan refused any information about it, and merely said it was part of his system. Dal said that if he had anything like that in his system he certain-voices from somewhere, faint voices that

a sponge, a bucket of water, and an armful of bath towels. Everybody protested at having to move, but he was firm, and they all filed down the stairs. I was the last, with Aunt Selina just

"That policeman looks cruel," she said. "What's more, he's been in a bad humor all day. More than likely he'll put James flat on the roof and tramp on him, under pretense of training him. All policemen

"He only rolls him over a barrel or nething like that," I protested. is my time to relax for thirty minutes, or I would watch him. You will have to ported, "and when I told him it was stay," she said, fixing me with her im-

rest of us. He had asked us here to din-rest of us. He had asked us here to din-per: he hadn't proposed to adopt us."

Flannigan muttered mutiny. But it was night," Dallas was saying. "Wilson and with her, and anyhow I wanted to see

selves, and about 2 o'clock Jim came I never saw any one train before. It is downstairs, sheepishly, and ate what not a joyful spectacle. First, Flannigan was left. Anne declared that Bella had made Jim run around and around the during the day."

Flannigan, from meekness and sub-mission, of a sort, in the kitchen, be-

me, where I sat on the parapet, his poor cause of the excitement. From the main cheeks shaking and the tall of his bath floor of the furnace-room a flight of stone wrapping itself around his legs. robe wrapping itself around his legs. Yes, he ran in the bath robe in deference to me. It seems there isn't much to a

pushed off a boat.

Flannigan said encouragingly. "You'll through to us. cop it in chunks." Jim looked at the tin as if he expected

neck. "If we're in here thirty days that will be 150 pounds. Don't forget to stop in time, Flannigan. I don't want to melt away like a candle."

The weapon, a crowbar, lay on the ground beside the bricks, and he picked it up and balanced it on his hand. Dal-

Every one stepped forward, and on his palm was the small diamond clasp from my head, Flannigan? Wouldn't that reduce something?"

pounced on the clasp greedily, with a was no sound save of feet running rapid-"We will find it all now," she said excitedly. "Did you look in the other peckets, Max?"

"The only way to take a man's weight Jim got up dizzily.

"Down on the roof, I suppose you mean," he said. rday." He was quite pale.
"Nonsense!" Max said gruffly. "If it's Flannigan rolled the barrel into the tent

> At the door of the tent Jim turned to me, his bath robe toga fastened around

"This is a very essential part of the treatment," he said solemnly. "The ex-ercise, according to Flannigan, loosens

How do you know that the young gentleman who said he found it there didn't have it up his sleeve?"

She looked around triumphantly, and Max glowered. Dallas soothed, her, how-

your legs."
"I didn't mean to offend you," he said "Only I'm tired of having you his sleeve? My dear lady, neither my choked down my throat every time I wife nor I care anything for the pearls open my mouth, Kit. And don't go just as compared with the priceless pearl of peace. I suggest tea on the roof; those in favor—? My arm, Miss Caruthers."

choked down my throat every time I open my mouth, Kit. And don't go just yet. Flannigan is going for my clothes as soon as he lights the—the lamp, and—somebody ought to watch the stairs." somebody ought to watch the stairs."
That was all there was to it. I said I It was all well enough for Jim to say later that he didn't dare to have the canvases moved, for he had stuck behind having ignited the combination, whatthem all sorts of chorus girl photographs and life-class crayons that were not for I to know that Bella would come up Aunt Selina's eye, besides four empty when she did? Was it my fault that the siphons, two full ones, and three bottles lamp got too high and that Flannigan of whisky. Not a soul believed him: couldn't hear Jim calling? Or that just of whisky. Not a soul believed him: couldn't hear Jim calling? Or that just there was a new element of suspicion as Bella reached the top of the steps. Every one went up on the roof and left wearing the barrel part of his hot-air Jim should come to the door of the tent cabinet and yelling for a doctor?

Bella came to a dead stop on the upper

found a medicine ball and were running around like a pair of children. It was quite certain that neither his escape Selina burning a feather out of the from death nor my accusation weighed feather duster under her nose. Only Jim heavily on him. heavily on him.

While Aunt Selina was busy with the While Aunt Selina was busy with the Luckily, the next thing that occurred drove Bella and her nerves from every-

At 7 o'clock, when Bella had dropped which—Jim himself appeared and sulk-liv demanded the privacy of the roof for dinner, Aunt Selina discovered that the house was cold and ordered Dal to

I am not curious, but I knew that

They sandpapered the inside Selina was talking suffrage to Anne-

ly would be glad to get rid of it. talked rapidly, and after a while I lo-At a quarter to 6 Jim appeared, still cated the sounds under my feet. The

sullen from the events of the afternoon men were all in the basement, and someand wearing a dressing-gown and a pair thing must have happened. I flew back of slippers, Flannigan following him with to the basement staffs, to meet Mr. Harbison at the foot. He was grimy and dusty, with streaks of coal dust over his face, and he had been examining his revolver. I was just in time to see him slip it into his pocket.
"What is the matter?" I demanded.
"Is any one hurt?"

"No one," he said coolly. "We've been cleaning out the furnace. "With a revolver! How interestingand unusual!" I said dryly, and slipped past him as he barred the way. He was not pleased; I heard him mutter something and come rapidly after me, but I had the voices as a guide, and I was not something like that," I protested.
"James had a bump like an egg over had the voices as a guide, and I was not be sear last night," Aunt Selina insisted, going to be turned back like a child. The men had gathered around a low stone men had gathered around a low stone I don't think it's safe to leave him. It arch in the furnace-room and were looking time to relax for thirty minutes, ing down a short flight of steps into a sort of vault, evidently under the pave-ment. A faint light came from a small grating above, and there was a close, musty smell in the air.

I were here before we went to bed, and I'll swear that hole was not there then." "It was not there this morning, sir." Flannigan insisted. "It has been made

was left. Anne declared that Bella had been scolding him in the upper hall, but been scolding him in the upper hall, but I doubted it. She was never seen to speak to him unnecessarily.

The excitoment of the except over Mr.

Something in his voice made me look at him, and certainly his expression was unusual. He was watching us all intentyour feet, sir! Pick up your feet!"

And Jim would stagger doggedly past ly. while Dallas pointed out to me the into the coal cellar, beneath the street. The coal cellar was of brick, with a cerunning suit,
"Head up." Flannigan would say. "Lift gaped an opening about three feet by ways do when I am oncy) I hear your knees, sir. Didn't you ever see a three leading into a cavernous void, per-horse with string halt?"

He let him stop finally and gave him a belonging to the next house.

He let him stop finally and gave him a moment to get his breath. Then he set him to turning somersaults. They spread the cushions from the couch in the tent was Mr. Harbison finally who took Jim's candle and could be sufficient to the straightful to the straig on the roof, and Jim would poke his head candle and crawled through the aperdown and say a prayer, and then curve ture. We waited in dead silence, listenover as gracefully as a sausage and ing to his feet crunching over the coal ome up gasping, as if he had been beyond, watching the faint yellow light that came through the ragged opening in the wall. Then he came back and called

"Place is locked over here," he said, "Heavy oak door at the head of the see the chunks lying at his feet. steps. Whoever made that opening has done a prodigious amount of labor for

He was cheered, however, by the prom- las' florid face was almost comical in his bewilderment; as for Jimmy-he slammed "What do you think of that, Kit?" he called to me. "Your uncle is going to look as angular as a problem in geomelook as a problem in g try. I'll—I'll be the original reductio ad asked bitterly. "Maybe you could find a absurdum. Do you want me to stand on lump of coal in my pockets if you

He stalked up the stairs then and left "Your brains, sir," Flannigan retorted gravely, and presented a pair of boxing gloves. Jim visibly quailed, but he put them on.

The statist up the stairs then and left us. Dallas and I went up together, but we did not talk. There seemed to be nothing to say. Not until I had closed and locked the door of my room did I

It was my picture.

CHAPTER XVI.

on body went to the coal cellar and stared Mr. Harbison, who had not appeared at the hole in the wall and watched while again, escorted Jim to the telephone and

I did not go. I went into the library

WILL SAIL HER OWN BOAT.

MISS ALICE SARGENT.

Richest woman skipper in American waters, who is planning to sail her own boat again this season in the trials for the boats which will meet

the Spanish boats to be sent over to the race for the Taft cup in August. she asks and expects no chivalrous favors from her male competitors. Miss

Sargent is a noted horsewoman and automobilist, as well as an expert

he did not move.

"Oh!" he said, wheeling. "Are you There wasn't any reply to that. So] took the watch and placed it on the li-brary table between us. The effect was all that I had hoped. He stared at it for an instant, then at me, and with his hand outstretched for it, stopped.
"Where did you find it?" he asked. I couldn't understand his expression. He

"I wish I did. You opened it?"

the table. It was his glance that wa-"About the picture-of you," he said at "You see, down there in South America a fellow hasn't much to do in the evenings, and a-a chum of mine and I-were awfully down on what we called the plutocrats, the-the leisure classes. And when that picture of yours came in He said-" He stopped.

"What did he say?"
"Well, he said it was the picture of an "Oh!" I exclaimed.

"I-I maintained there were possibili-ties in the face." He put both hands on down at me. "Well, I was a fool, I admit. I said your eyes were kind and can-did, in spite of that haughty mouth. You

see. I said I was a fool."

"I think you are exceedingly rude," I managed finally. "If you want to know where I found your watch, it was down in the coal cellar. And if you admit you are an idiot, I am not. I-I know all about Bella's bracelet-and the board on the roof, and-oh, if you would only leave-Anne's necklace-on the coal, or somewhere-and get away-

My voice got beyond me then, and I dropped into a chair and covered my face. I could feel him staring at the back of my head. "Well, I'll be-' something or other, he said finally, and then he turned on his heel and went out. By the time I got my eyes dry (yes, I was crying; I always do when I am angry) I heard Jim coming downstairs, and I tucked the watch out of sight. Would any one have

foreseen the trouble that watch would make! Jim was sulky. He dropped into a chair and streached out his legs, looking gloomily at nothing. Then he got up and ambled into his den, closing the door behind him without having spoken a word. It was more than human nature could

When I went into the den he was stretched on the davenport with his face buried in the cushions. He looked absolutely wilted, and every line of him was drooping.

"Go on out, Kit," he said, in a smothered voice. "Be a good girl and don't follow me around." "You are shameless!" I gasped. "Follow you! When you are hung around my neck like a-like a-" millstone was what

I wanted to say, but I couldn't think He turned over and looked up from his cherub.

"I'm done for, Kit," he groaned. "Bel la went up to the studio after we left and investigated that corner." "What did she find? The necklace?" I asked eagerly. He was too wretched to

notice this. and take smallpox and die.' "Fiddlesticks!" I said rudely, and some-

body hammered on the door and opened said in her best dear-me-I'm-glad-I-knocked manner. "But-Flannigan says the dinner has not come."

"Good Lord!" Jim exclaimed. "I forgot to order the confounded dinner! It was 8 o'clock by that time, and as it took an hour at least after telephoning the order, everybody looked blank when they heard. The entire family, except sung around hungrily, suggesting new dishes every minute. And then — he couldn't raise Central. It was fifteen minutes before we gave up, and stood Let your heart open, put your hand in I did not go. I went into the library staring at one another despairingly. with the guilty watch in a fold of my "Call out of a window and get one of

gown, and found Mr. Harbison there, those infernal reporters to do something staring through the February gloom at useful for once," Max suggested. But he the blank wall of the next house, and was indignantly hushed. We would have quite unconscious of the reporter with a starved first. Jim was peering into the drawing pad just below him in the area- transmitter and knocking the receiver way. I went over and closed the shut- against his hand, like a watch that had ters before his very eyes, but even then stopped. But nothing happened. Flannigan reported a box of breakfast food, "Will you be good enough to turn two lemons, and a pineapple cheese. a sround?" I demanded at last. combination that didn't seem to lend

itself to anything.

We went back to the dining-room from table and looked at the lemonade Flannigan had made. Anne would talk about the salad her last cook had concected, and Max told about a little town in Connecticut where the retaurant keeper smokes a corn-cob pipe while he cooks the most luscious fried clams in America. looked embarrassed, but not at all afraids, And Aunt Selina related that in her fam ily they had a recipe for chicken smothered in cream. And then we sipped the weak lemonade and nibbled at the cheese.

"To change this gridiron martyr 'om," Dallas said finally, "where's Harbison? Still looking for his watch?"
"Watch!" Everybody said it in a dif-We stood looking at each other across ferent tone. "Sure," he responded. "Says his watch was taken last night from the studio. Better get him down to take a squint at

the telephone. Likely he can fix it."
Flannigan was beside me with the cheese. And at that moment I felt Mr Harbison's stolen watch slip out of my girdle, slide greasily across my lap, and clatter to the floor. Flannigan stooped, but luckily it had gone under the table. To have had it picked up, to have had to explain how I got it, to see them try to gnore my picture pasted in it-oh, it was impossible! I put my foot over it.
"Drop something?" Dallas asked per-

functorily, rising. Flannigan was still half kneeling.
"A fork," I said, as easily as I could, and the conversation went on. But Flan-nigan knew, and I knew he knew. He watched my every movement like a hawk after that, standing just behind my chair, I dropped my useless napkin, to have it whirled up before it reached the floor. I said to Betty that my shoe buckle was loose, and actually got the watch in my hand, only to let it slip at the critical moment. Then they all got up and went

sadly back to the library, and Flannigan and I faced each other. Flannigan was not a handsome man at any time, though up to then he had at least looked amiable. But now as I stood with my hand on the back of my chair his face grew suddenly menacing. The silence was absolute. I was the guiltiest wretch alive, and opposite he law towered and glowered and held the yellow remnant of a pineapple cheese! And in the silence that wretched watch lay and ticked and ticked and ticked. Then Flannigan creaked over and closed the door into the hall, came

back, picked up the watch, and looked "You're unlucky, I'm thinkin'," he said finally. "You've got the nerve all right, but you ain't cute enough."
"I don't know what you mean," I quavered. "Give me that watch to return finally.

to Mr. Harbison.' "Not on your life," he retorted easily. "I give it back myself, like I did the bracelet, and-like I'm going to give back the necklace, if you'll act like a sensible little girl."

I could only choke "It's foolish, any way you look at it," he persisted. "Here you are, lots of friends, folks that think you're all right. Why, I reckon there isn't one of them that wouldn't lend you money if you

"Will you be still?" I said furiously.
"Mr. Harbison left that watch-with me -an hour ago. Get him and he will tell

"Of course he would." Flannigan conceded, looking at me with grudging apnotice this.

"No; that picture of you that I did last winter. She is crazy—she says she is going upstairs and sit in Takahiro's room and take smallbox and die."

There were voices in the hall. Flannigan came closer. "An hour ago, you say. ing! It's a losing game, miss. I'll give you twenty-four hours and then-the necklace, if you please, miss."

[TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.1

THE GRACE OF REMEMBRANCE. (Written for The Washington Herald.)

You remember, don't you, before black Of work and worry were washed in tears? Is it the man or the woman who cares most The "what has been" changed in to-day's

ghost? And lead me deep in to-day's divine; Drop the burden your shoulders now bear dreams of youth and freedom from

You remember, don't you? Let mind mas ter clay, It's the hour of noon, and life's but a day; I'm not probing for tears, I want you to Give the old-time laugh, be glad for

awhile. You remember, don't you? Give your soul speech, Let nothing be hidden, each from each; Come and take my hand, let's cross sorrow sands And wave good-by to these grown-up

Lean closer and smile with tender eyes, You remember, don't you, tho' grown so Let's go back to joys of early years, Win sweetness again from a lifetime's

Don't your soul feel dear little creepings Utica, N. Y., to get under way when a That sob into forgotten leapings; Hast thou no answer to touch of mine, wreck happens somewhere east of Kirk-No incense of joy before love's shrine? ville or west of Albany, which is the us-

Just remember. Honey, when these dreams I start ward and eighty-seven miles to the east-ward. Five minutes is the time required It's because you're tugging at my heart, And love bids me the path of childhood if the wreck happens in the daytime. If the accident happens at night the use

and its task, At your threshold to rest is all that I ask, And, like a child, I'll keep on my way, Straight is the path, I'll go not astray.

Down sweet lanes of bloom, we used to to know and mess things up and hurt somebody the wrecking crew's first business is to Free limbed, joose-haired, as a child may care for the wounded. In Utica the New York Central has the names of four phyfire of youth and its hardihood My birthright to the wild and the wood.

Ghost-like were the garments I wore.

'You've traveled far" (and you smile), How tired you are, come rest awhile: To-day is the place, where God wants you The present, the work of love to do.

You say, and it grows sweeter each year The song of youth that used to be Is richer to-day in its melody." Your grown-up heart was not wise nor

And as man to woman I want you here."

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.

1826 Euclid street, June, 1910.

From Lippincott's. ice-covered pavement, and a man stepped forward to offer his services.

"Allow me—" he began, but his feet slipped and he fell flat upon his back. "Certainly," responded the young wom-an gravely."



"THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND."

BY ANNIE M'VICAR GRANT.

Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddle gone? "He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done, And my sad heart will tremble, till he comes safely home."

Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddia stay? Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie stay? "He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey, And many a blessing followed him, the day he went away.' Oh! what tell me what does your Highland laddie wear? Oh! what tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?

"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war, And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star." Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound Should pierce your Highland laddle, and all your hopes confound; "The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,

And for his king and country dear with pleasure would he die." "But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds, But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds: His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds While wide through all Highland hill his warlike name resounds."

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" is to girlhood. She had a playroom one of the most popular of the many in which she kept two treasures bepopular songs of the land of the side Indian trinkets and relics of thistle. It was written by Miss Scotland-Milton, and a dictionary. Annie McVicar, a young Scottish "The Paradise Lost" she knew by woman, who spent considerable of heart, and the good and evil angels her early life in America. The oc- were her playmates instead of casion which prompted the words of French dolls. this song was the departure of the A singularly apropos quotation Marquis of Huntly for the continent from Milton so delighted Mme.

with his regiment in 1799. Schuyler, then the Lady of the Ritson, in his "North Country Land, that she took the little girl Chorister," printed in the year 1802, under her own roof. When Annie has included this song under the was thirteen years old, the family title "The New Highland Lad." In returned to Scotland, and spent referring to it he says:

"The song has been lately intro- Cart, near Glasgow, when they duced upon the stage. Originally it moved to Fort Augustus. Here was called 'The Blue Bells of Scot- Miss McVicar married Rev. James land, but was revised by Mrs. Jor- Grant, chaplain of the fort, who dan, who altered the words and was appointed minister at Logan, in sang them to a tune of her own, Inverness-shire. which suppressed the old air."

When Charles Mackay and Sir with eight children dependent upon Henry Rowley Bishop were arrang- her. In this emergency, her old ing old English airs, this song came knack at rhyming came into her under discussion. Mackay says: mind. and she collected her poems "The Blue Bells of Scotland' is al- and published them successfully by most invariably spoken of as a subscription. A few years later she Scotch air; but Sir Henry found rea- published three volumes, entitled son to suspect that it was English, "Letters from the Mountains," which and urged me to write new words passed through several editions. to it, to dispossess, if possible, the Two years afterward she brought old song of Mrs. Jordan. He was out the "Memoirs of an American induced to form this opinion by re- Lady," the most interesting of her ceiving from Mrs. Fitzgerald 'a works. Sussex tune' to a song commencing: 'Oh, I have been a forester followed, and, with a pension grantthis many a long day.'

"Three or four bars of the melody ad the rest of her days in comfort, were almost identicat with the sec- surrounded by warm friends, in the ond bar of "The Blue Bells of Scot- city of Endinburgh. She reached the land, but as the remainder bore no age of eighty-four, with faculties resemblance to that popular favor- almost unimpaired. Prof. Andrew ite, and the whole tune was so S. Norton, of Cambridge, wrote her beautiful that it was well worth from this country. preserving. I so far complied with Sir Henry's wish as to write 'The old age, after such severe trials, so Magic Harp,' to Mr. Fitzgerald's supported and strengthened by the kind contribution to our work." sir Henry wrote, under date of possessing not the calm benevolence

the 221 of October, 1852: "I am of age alone, but the kindlier feelstrongly of the opinion that when ings in their freshness and flower Mrs. Jordan, the singer, composed which, beautiful as they are in The Blue Bells of Scotland, she youth, become so much more deeply founded her air upon that rescued interesting when we know that care from oblivion for us by Mr. Fitzger- and sorrow had no power to wither ald-or rather that see originally them." Mrs. Grant died November intended to sing it to that tune, 7, 1838. but finding some parts of it too high for her voice, which was of a very "a shrewd and sly observer." limited compass, she altered them. "Good Mrs. Grant," said Scott. "is and the air became that of 'The so very cerulean, and surrounded by Blue Bells of Scotland."

Annie McVicar was born in Glas- and misses, and the maintenance of gow, Scotland, February 21, 1755, such an unmerciful correspondence, Her father was an officer in the that though I would gladly do her British army and the fortunes of any kindness in my power, yet I the service brought him to America should be afraid to be very intimate when his daughter was two years with a woman whose tongue and old. One day the little Annie was pen are rather overpowering."
found trudging along a mile from This was written when he was home, and when a friend picked annoyed by a report emanating from her up she said, "I am going to America that he had confessed to

America to see papa." A year later, the mother and daughter landed at Charleston, and rejoined the soldier father in a "She is an excellent person, notfort at Albany. Here Annie grew withstanding."

THE WRECKING TRAIN.

an Accident Happens.

It takes just about five minutes for the

ual territory covered by this crew, a dis-

tance of thirty-eight miles to the west-

the wrecking outfits of the Central rail-

When two trains run into each other

sicians on its list, and when the wreck-

The wrecking train consists of seven

cars, the steam crane, the idler, over which the boom hangs, with a cabin on

outfits.

From the New York Sun.

the wrecking master reports to the superintendent and gives him an estimate of the length of time it will require to Railroad Men Who Get Busy When

Mrs. Grant his authorship of the

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three years on the banks of the

Mr. Grant died, leaving his wife

Other volumes of prose and verse

ed her by the government, she pass-

"It was delightful to find you in

Lockhart speaks of Mrs. Grant as

so many fetch-and-carry mistresses

open the other tracks. The wrecking master is in full com-mand at the wreck. One of the wreckers acts as a clerk and takes note of every New York Central wrecking crew at bit of damage done, for it will be his business to make a detailed report of what happened in the mixup. If the nature of the wreck indicates the cause, he will report that also.

The crane has a lift rating of sixty tons, which is sufficient to hoist a freight car bodily upon a track. When it tackles a passenger car it can lift one end at a time. Whenever the crew goes to the electrified West Shore Railroad the members wear rubber boots and rubber To make life sweeter for your dear sake. of the telephone gets every member of members wear rubber boots and rubber the crew out of bed, in which case it gloves as extra precautions, although the requires about fifteen minutes to get the current is supposed to be turned off from crew together and the engine hitched to the third rail after a wreck has happened. current is supposed to be turned off from

NEWEST FORTUNE TELLER

The Telephone Girl, from a Glass Case, Reveals Your Future. The gypsy queen and the Him princess who tell your fortune for cent in the phonograph rooms give it to you printed on a card, says the New You are looking at me with bewildered of these doctors is notified. If the wreck of these doctors is notified. If the wreck size in form the lady sits, with one hand And viewing me over with mute surprise;
This to my shame, when I reached your door,

Ghost-like were the correct I were the lady up above moves her hands back and forth over the face of the cards be-

fore her and looks very wise and then

in a moment there is popped out to you

the other end in which ride the crane engineer and the rigger; a dining and sleeping car combined, in which the crew these fortune tellers talks it right into The grace of remembrance is here, eats and sleeps; a tool car, a blocking your ear; she is called the telephone car, which carries the blocks used in girl. blocking up cars, and two cars loaded Lil Like the others the telephone girl sits, with trucks which may be placed under cars when wheels or axles have been containing the mechanism; but the apparatus is somewhat different. Here you An ordinary wrecking crew consists of find arrayed, over which the hand of the An ordinary wrecking crew consists of the wrecking master, a crane engineer, a rigger, and eight wreckers. The assistant train master accompanies the crew to learn how the wreck happened and to attend to other matters. When the wreck are a rigger and train master accompanies the crew to learn how the wreck happened and to attend to other matters. When the wreck arm of a telephone transmitter, which is placed at a height convenient.

is large the size of the crew is increased. Which is placed at a height convenient to the telephone girl's lips. Steam up ready for business and the fire. At one corner of the base of this ma-The Retort Courteous.

Steam up ready for business and the fire is never drawn without the permission of the superintendent. When the wrecking crew learns of a wreck the first available engine is horded to the seven cars, and a man stepped able engine is horded to the seven cars, and place the receiver at the first available engine is horded to the seven cars, and place the receiver at the first available engine is horded to the seven cars, and place the receiver at the first available engine is horded to the seven cars. and no time is wasted in arriving at the your ear and "There is a trouble in store scene of action.

for you," says the telephone girl, "but The first thing the steam crane does is to hoist the debris off the track. Just as soon as one of the tracks has been opened yourself and go ahead," and so on.